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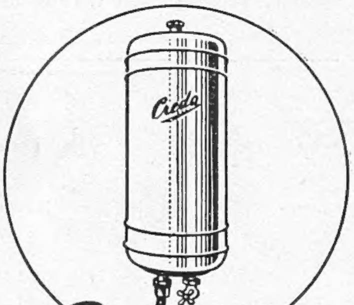

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The Sketch

No. 2664—Vol. CCV. WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1946 ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE.

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BRIDESMAID PRINCESS.

H.R.H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH arranged to act as bridesmaid to her cousin, the Hon. Patricia Mountbatten, at her wedding to Captain Lord Brabourne on Saturday, October 26. The other attendants chosen were Princess Margaret, Princess Alexandra of Kent and the Hon. Pamela Mountbatten, and the King and Queen promised to attend the ceremony in Romsey Abbey. Princess Elizabeth will celebrate her twenty-first birthday in South Africa, and the South African Government recently announced that the day, April 21, will be a public holiday throughout the Union.

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

The Season Opens. I have not yet had the advantage of reading Miss Sitwell's "The Song of the Cold," and I do not know whether the theme is some imaginative, uncommon form of cold, or merely that kind which is, all too accurately, called "common." This would be a very appropriate moment for either an epic or a dirge on the common cold, for all round us are evidences that its annual sporting season has begun—and begun, unless my eyes, ears and respiratory passages deceive me, with a vengeance. I read a learned article some time ago about certain determined experiments which were being conducted at an English hospital into the causes and effects of this human scourge. Volunteers, mostly university students, were offering themselves in considerable numbers as easy prey for the implacable germ, virus, or whatever nasty thing it is.

"Father says I've got to choose between you and the ham factory."

DRAWN BY STARKE.

Cold Comfort.

I honour these martyrs to science for their sacrifice, and I hope it will be rewarded with the martyr's crown; but I have not yet heard of any other fruit of their sufferings. All that science has been able to tell us lately on this vital topic is that most of the things which we fondly believed *might* ward off the enemy—such as artificial sunlight and vitamin capsules—don't ward off anything, except, possibly, by the power of faith. They are all dismissed, in the learned article to which I referred, in one cold, damning sentence: "Existing remedies for colds are sufficiently numerous to leave little doubt about their general inefficacy." So that 's all the comfort that science has for you, poor snuffler! Well, perhaps the justification for the common cold is moral rather than physiological. Philosophers ere now have suggested that "the sum of evil is constant." We have all got to have our share of the general ration of sin and suffering, and perhaps if we did not have colds, we should have something much worse. If that (possibly far-fetched) thought can relieve your catarrh at all, you are welcome to it, and there is no charge.

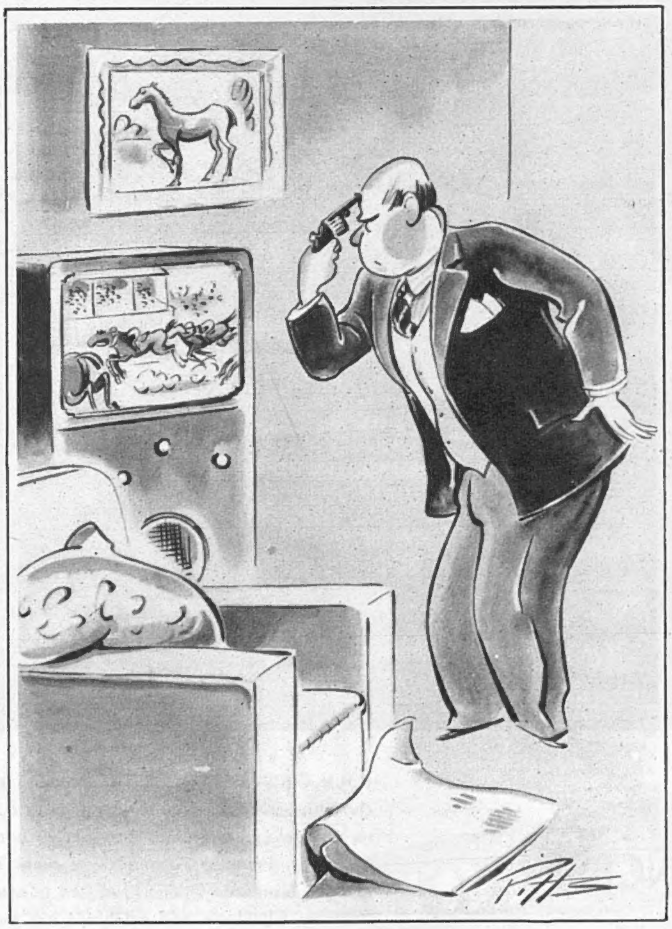
Press the Button. No doubt we could make things a little more difficult for the catarrh bug if we could control the weather; and that is now promised us as one of the many boons of the Brave New World. The President of the Radio Corporation of America says that "we may yet have rain or sunshine by pressing radio buttons." But who, I wonder, would want to press the rain button? Farmers and gardeners, I suppose—they are always unreasonable in this matter—and perhaps those romantic persons I used to hear about (how long ago it seems!) who were always chasing rainbows, to the music of Chopin; but nobody else. Progress in weather-control is already being made in Sweden, where an ingenious Professor can locate any coming thunderstorm to a pin-point—though I don't know what he does with it when he has located it. I suppose this is done by radio too. Everything is done by radio—even the Third Programme and even (so I read) up-to-date ploughing. But when it comes to individual "intercomm." by radio with everybody else on earth, as some prophets suggest—well, at that point I fade out.

"That attendant must have made a mistake. These are *not* my gloves."

DRAWN BY BEAR.

Money for Jam.

A little reliable weather-control would certainly be an aid to aviation and might give the public some re-assurance, which seems to be necessary at present, about the hazards of air travel. I know that it can be easily proved by statistics that it is safer to travel in an aircraft than in a motor-car, but then it could doubtless also be proved by statistics that it is safer to travel in a motor-car than in a perambulator; and no statistics can alter the gruesome finality of crashes, with all their fiery accompaniments, in extremely inhospitable and inaccessible parts of earth and sea. What is wrong? Is it that air "fatalities" have become extra-special news and, being assembled from all parts of the world, become, in aggregate, out of proportion to average risks? I do not know, but it is stated that American insurance companies express *their* opinion of the risks by offering air passengers a policy of £1250 for a premium of 25 cents (about 1s. 3d.)—and you get it from a slot-machine! It sounds almost as good as a football-pool.



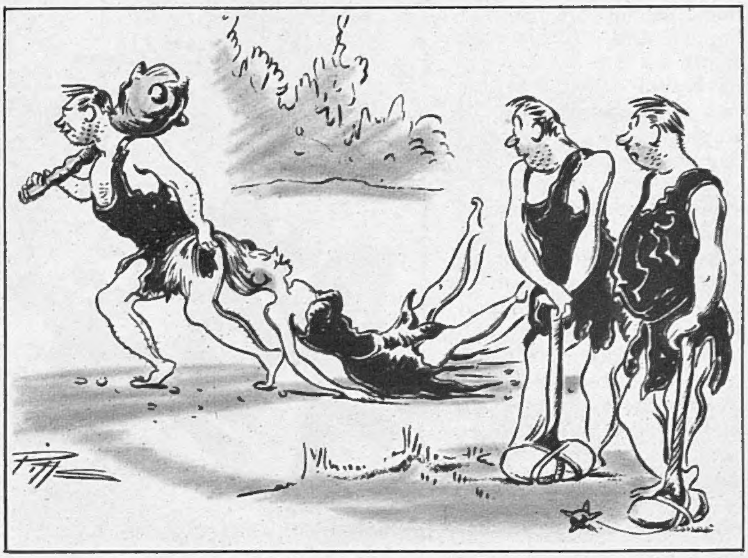
DRAWN BY PITTS.

Locomotivation. The air, it seems, will soon be thick with See-War-Scarred-Britain tourists from everywhere, and especially from U.S.A. The national tourist associations of forty different countries, together with the British Liner Committee, the Travel Association and all sorts of locomotivated bodies, have been planning a busy future in London. Whereas tourists in this country before the war spent only a beggarly £30,000,000 a year, it is intended that in future they shall spend at least £100,000,000. One *would* like to know, however, where it is going to be spent, and on what? Exactly how these invading hordes are to be accommodated and fed in England within any measurable future is not easy to see. Also, I can imagine nothing worse for Anglo-Saxon relations than crowds of care-free tourists throwing money about in this hard-hit country and putting up the price of everything against the natives. We have had a little experience of that already during the war, as anybody knows who tried to get a taxi in the West End. Not that that feat is much easier even now that we have recaptured Grosvenor Square and environs!

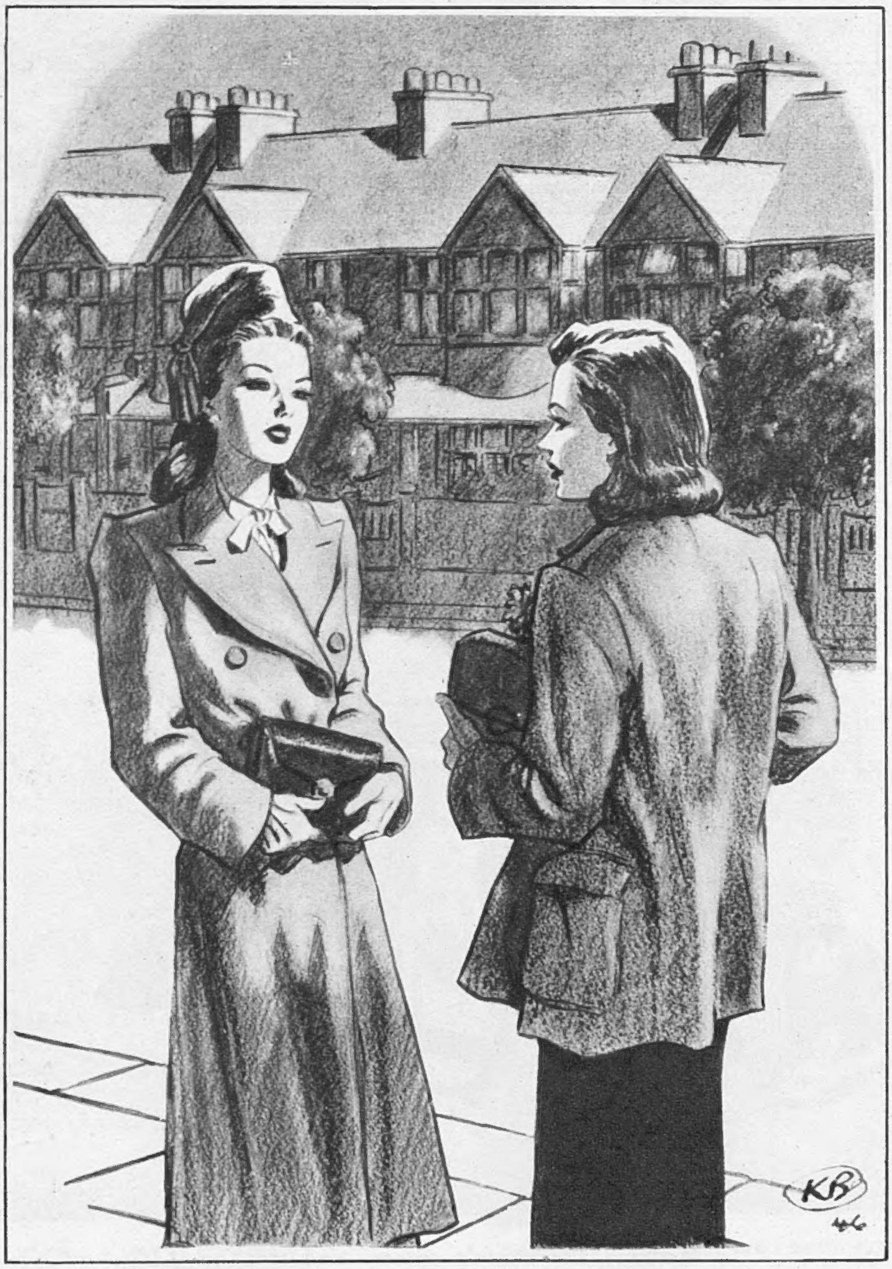
Moonstruck. The next kind of tourism, we are told on all hands, will be to the moon, and probably to other planets of rather warmer temperature. There is nothing new in this; many of us made the trip long ago in company with Jules Verne or H. G. Wells, who are still the Baedekers (which ought to be republished, by the way) for this exciting excursion. By 1950, says one scientist, we shall hit the moon a smack with some missile or other, and human missiles will soon follow in "space ships," travelling 240,000 miles in five or six days and taking no notice (apparently) of the meteorites which will bombard them from all directions. On arrival, the going may be rather difficult, but as there is no force of gravitation to restrain you, you will be able to leap over mountains, craters and chasms like Sunny Jim over the fence. Sun-bathing guaranteed by day, but nights distinctly chilly. No traffic, and *complete silence*—ah, think of that! So you had better get all zipped up in your oxygenated, pressure-resisting rompers. The only snag is, how to get back? But perhaps you would rather not cross that bridge till you come to it.

Vultures All.

We may be able, by 1950, to travel through space at about 5 miles per second; and this "great globe itself" may be rotating in space at a rate which I have forgotten (if I ever knew); but in other ways this poor, old, sinful world seems to be standing still. Honest country folk have been throwing salt on the fire to ward off witchcraft; within living memory people have been convicted at Assizes for obtaining money by false pretences by selling charms to cure cattle disease; and yet it is said that that fine film, "Men of Two Worlds," exaggerates the dark powers in a dark world!



"Women find him absolutely irresistible!" [DRAWN BY PITTS.]



"If you had to choose between marrying someone who has a house and no job and someone who has a job and no house, what would you do?" [DRAWN BY BEAUCHAMP.]

The Earthly Paradise. Undoubtedly we need more sweetness and light, and perhaps if we had them we should not suffer from quite so many strikes. A firm in Cleveland, Ohio, sets an example to the rest of the world in happy industrial relations. It provides free lunches, paid holidays for a fortnight annually, free vitamin pills, free doctor and dentist (nothing said about undertaker—I mean mortician), free physiotherapy (with Turkish baths, massage and ultra-violet rays at will), radio laid on everywhere and all the time for "uplift," everything painted in chaste, artistic colours to soothe the nerves, fun and games and social activities at all odd moments, papers, magazines and all means of cultural improvement. The crowning human touch is that nobody is described by that brutal, feudal, offensive term "worker"; everybody is an "associate." Don't, however, be taken in by any of this pill-gilding. Ask any of the experts, like Professor Laski or Mr. Priestley, and they will explain that the whole thing is just another diabolical device to exploit the wage-slave. The point to grasp is that the employer is always wrong. Once that is understood, economics are much simpler.

It Does Not Pay.

Others besides employers, no doubt, are occasionally wrong too—*e.g.*, criminals (if they are to be distinguished from employers). Every day brings new evidence that crime really does not pay. Thus a man the other day asked a bank cashier for change

[*Continued overleaf.*

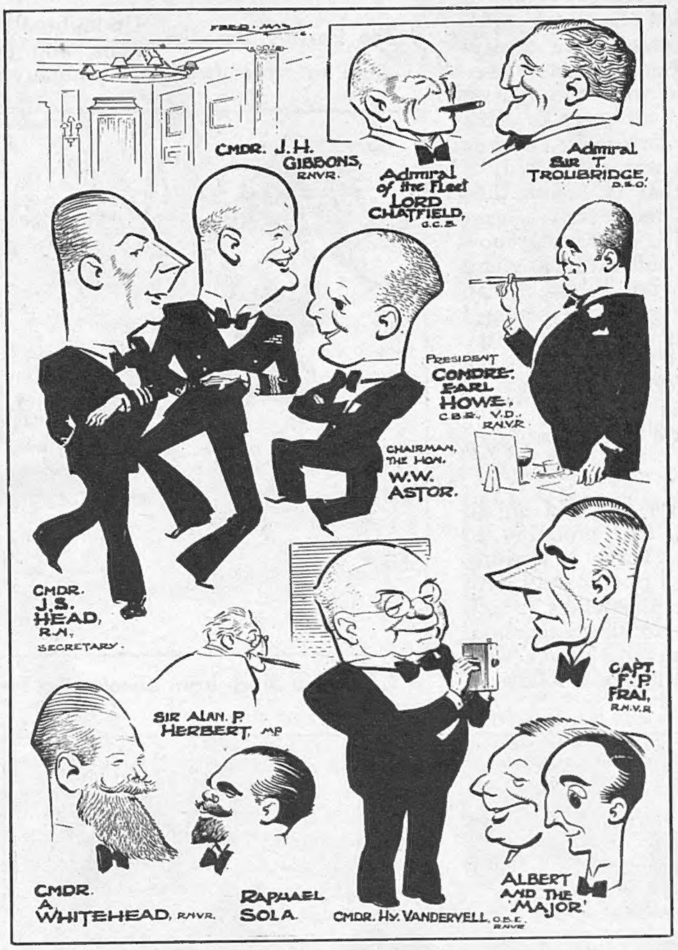
of half-a-crown (one of the old-fashioned silver ones), tried to grab £400 of banknotes, missed his aim, made his get-away empty-handed and left his half-crown on the counter! I have sympathy with him, but even more with the employee who, after fifty-one years of blameless service, was convicted of stealing sweets valued at two-and-sixpence. His mistake, of course, was in not doing things on a grander scale. He ought to have reasoned like Gilbert's "Mister William," who argued that as he had lived a long life of complete virtue, it would be very wicked of him to commit a *small* crime, "the temptation being nil," but pardonable to pinch a hundred thousand pounds, because the temptation was considerable. With strict logic, therefore,

He forged a party's will, which caused anxiety and strife,
And resulted in his getting penal servitude for life.

But, of course, when the true psychology was explained to the authorities, he was released instantly. I commend the case to the Home Secretary's attention, for the new Criminal Justice Bill.

Bread and Cheese.

One does not usually associate crime with cheese, and yet I see that Chicago, never to be outdone, has had its cheese racket and its Cheese King, who has gone the way of so many kings and has been bumped off. I have not heard of any actual bloodshed over cheese in England, but I read with entire sympathy and applause demands for the revival of some of our English cheeses, as a change from everlasting "mouse-trap." Cheese naturally reminds me of bread, that very controversial subject. It is a terrible thing to reflect that, as recorded in *The Times*, striped caterpillars have been embedding themselves in Mr. St. John Ervine's daily bread, and maggots in his flour. There are worse things than that, however, because once a live cockroach walked out of my breakfast cereal. What



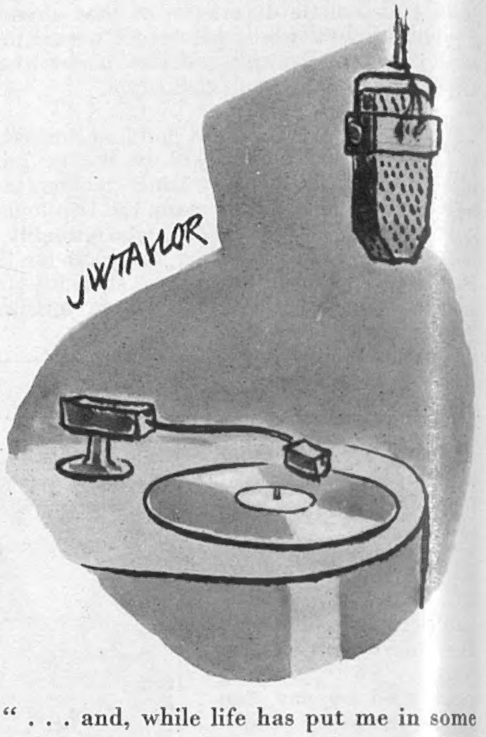
There was Navy mixture at the inaugural Dinner of the R.N.V.R. in its new H.Q. (and Club) in Hill Street, Mayfair. After its old Club was blitzed, the R.N.V.R. was located at the Marlborough Club, but the 40,000-odd members have now acquired their own deck. Their record in both wars is second to none; the splendid heroism is reflected in the awards received, which include 13 George Medals, 49 D.S.O.s, 1307 D.S.C.s.

CARICATURES BY FRED MAY.

trouble food does cause! For example, the recent meat-shortage in America. One firm of butchers, I see, advertised: "Mary had a little lamb—so have we"; and even that little nearly caused a riot. Beef must have been even littler, because when a customer in a restaurant facetiously asked for a steak, *and it was brought to him,* he dropped dead on the spot. Many a slip, they say.

Wonderful World.

The Ideal Wife from America, chosen by radio listeners, has arrived in London on a goodwill mission. She is reported to have been



"... and, while life has put me in some tight corners, it has never kept me in a groove in a groove in a groove in a groove ..."

DRAWN BY J. W. TAYLOR.

wearing sheer nylons, a "devastating" scarlet suit, a model black "topper," toeless shoes and an outsize orchid in the collar of her fur coat. *Is* this quite the way to create goodwill among English (un-ideal) wives?—A Danish sweet-merchant of Pinner (no, it is not a Limerick and it is not going to be rude) has discovered a method of manufacturing cherries out of seaweed. They have the great advantage over the natural fruit of having no stones, and in case of war they can be converted into gas capes. Rare and refreshing! Certainly more so than the 147 tons of goat-meat on the way from New Zealand. Canterbury lamb is one thing and Canterbury goat is another, though perhaps not in a sausage or pie.

"To Madame Leteherno's *séance*—and step on it!"

DRAWN BY R.E.

The one-hundred-and-fifty-third of our SERIES OF PLATES IN FULL COLOUR *published in this issue of "The Sketch" is by* DAVID WRIGHT.

TO MARRY TO-MORROW AT WESTON-UNDER-LIZARD.

VISCOUNT NEWPORT *and* **MISS MARY MONTGOMERY** *will be married to-morrow, Thursday, October 31, at St. Andrew's, Weston-under-Lizard, Shropshire. He is the only son of the Earl and Countess of Bradford, and she is the elder daughter of Lieut.-Colonel T. Montgomery, D.S.O., and Mrs. Montgomery, of Cadogan House, Shrewsbury. Lord Bradford is the fifth Earl and the tenth baronet.*

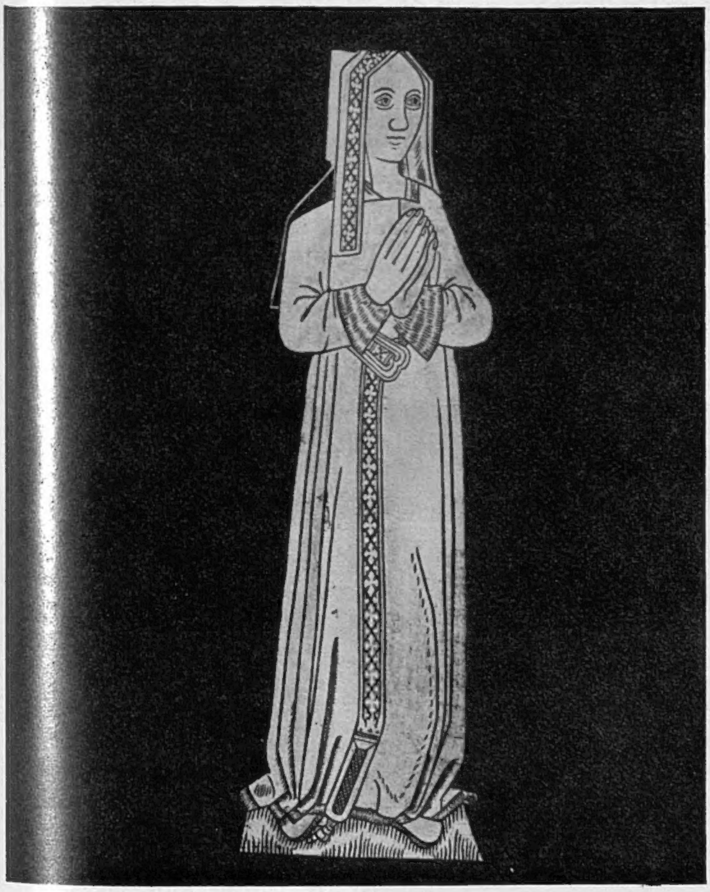
PORTRAIT BY BERTRAM PARK.

THAT WAS CHIC—THAT WAS!

"600 YEARS OF FASHION DESIGN" exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum contains beautiful costume designs, but also records some amazing fashions. The length of the stays worn by the Regency Girl whom Gillray sketched at her toilet, and her unglamorous *lingerie* are remarkable. The Bustle takes us a little further on in history and seems equally comical, while the head-dresses worn by the card-players are only a slight exaggeration of the lofty *coiffures* favoured in 1778. Sad to relate these tremendous structures took so long to create that they were seldom taken down.

A great lady of 1419—with hair built out and covered with a net: an early fashion at the Victoria and Albert Museum.

Wearing a graceful cloak, with attractive fastenings: a wasp-waisted woman of the late-fifteenth century.



Fur cuffs and a severe head-dress embellished with embroidery: a well-dressed woman of 1528—the time of Henry VIII.

Daring décolletage, jewels and a chic if trying "Butterfly" head-dress: a late-fifteenth-century costume.

FASHIONS FROM MONUMENTAL BRASSES.

At "600 Years of Fashion Design" at the Victoria and Albert Museum visitors see the earliest clothes by means of rubbings from monumental brasses photographed and turned from negatives to positives. Here are four striking examples of what "the best people" wore in very early times.

STAGE CAMEOS.

By JOHN RUSSELL.

A GREAT venture is in hand at Sadler's Wells —nothing less than a production sometime next year of Verdi's "Otello." The Wells has always kept in mind the ideal that opera should be produced as a dramatic whole, rather than as a series of disconnected outbursts by favourite singers; and in "Otello," which is a work of Shakespearean stature, this approach should yield great results. In their present season, the company is giving once again the delightful "School for Fathers" of Wolf-Ferrari, and a new production, by Mr. John Moody, of Rimsky-Korsakov's "Snow Maiden." If Covent Garden can be filled for routine performances of routine operas, enterprises such as these (and the Carl Rosa Company's "Flying Dutchman") deserve equally staunch support. "The Snow Maiden" must be a curiosity for those now familiar with the idiom of Italian opera; they will find in it little of Puccini's narrative power, and none of Verdi's skill at characterisation; but, in their place, a mixture of unequal qualities, an irregular, sometimes barbaric vitality, and moments of great power and excitement. A happy accident of nature makes Miss Olive Dyer the ideal heroine for this opera; the whole production fills an empty corner in our operatic scene, and augurs well for Mr. James Robertson's direction of the theatre.

Sadler's Wells suffers, though discreetly, from hindrances which never seem to affect producers of spectacular revue. Where new clothes, and new paint, and new furniture are in question, Mr. James Robertson feels the draught as much as any of us; but Mr. Robert Nesbitt has been able to provide excellent effects in "THE NIGHT AND THE LAUGHTER"; even the huge stage of the Coliseum can hardly revolve fast enough for one sumptuosity to get off before the next one gets on. Some of these scenes have the qualities, now almost extinct in the musical theatre, of wit and intelligence for the eye; in others, themes worthy of the New Yorker, or of Salvador Dali, or of prints by Pugin and Rowlandson, have been most agreeably translated into terms of revue. The eye, in short, is dazzled by a continuous feast of luxury. The ear does less well. Above all, Mr. Bud Flanagan, after a wonderfully imaginative entrance, has pitiably unfunny material. Myself a devotee of his sentimental songs, and a fanatic for his sad clown (about the best piece of character acting in London), I was distressed to find that Mr. Nesbitt, elsewhere so generous, had given Mr. Flanagan such wretched bellows with which to stoke up our fires. No body of persons is more treacherous and unaccountable than the first-night audience for shows of this sort; what pleased them most was a tasteless and infantile masque upon religious themes, in which Miss Beryl Kaye showed all her admirable, if secular, powers as a dancer. I enjoyed most Miss Frances Marsden's performance; blessed with a figure worthy of the most exacting standards of Offenbach and Halévy, Miss Marsden has also a contemporary voice, with an edge as sharp as a circular saw.

"THE NIGHT AND THE LAUGHTER" *(Coliseum). Dr. Buddington Beaton Flanagan gives a Cookery demonstration, assisted by the hind-quarters of a Pantomime Horse. The Doctor—Bud Flanagan; Horse's hind-quarters—Jack Buckland.*

"OUR BETTERS" *(Playhouse). Dorothy Dickson plays Lady Grayston, the part originally taken by Margaret Bannerman.* [PHOTOGRAPH: CECIL BEATON.]

All tastes have been met, this last fortnight. Mr. Peter Yates' poetic drama, "THE ASSASSIN," now produced at the Lyric, Hammersmith, is an excellent shot at a very difficult target. Booth, who shot President Lincoln, is not everybody's hero; but the psychology of the killer has a deadly and a topical fascination, and Mr. Yates at least is not afraid of difficult ground. "The Eagle Has Two Heads" was about an assassin who had the courage of his lack of convictions; the newer play is less assuredly romantic, but Mr. Peter Glenville gave a fine, hysterical dash to the name-part, and a large cast gave its author devoted service.

In the revival of Somerset Maugham's "OUR BETTERS," at the Playhouse, the producer's name appears more prominently, in the programme, than the author's. It would have been better if it had been hidden away among the lenders of furniture and the L.C.C. regulations, for rarely can a good play have been so ruined by its production. Some of Mr. Maugham's plays (for example, "The Circle") are indestructible, because they are comedies of character; "Our Betters" is a comedy of situation, and needs an extreme formality and distinction in both acting and production. Wilde and Maugham look delightfully easy to act, but they relied upon a great tradition of polite comedy acting; graduates from other branches of the theatre are quite out of place in plays where the smallest error of style or taste comes up as if under a microscope. This particular artificial comedy could do with more artifice on the stage and less on the walls; Mr. Cecil Beaton has, in fact, given the play too distracting a scene, with his carmine sitting-room (in the 1925 Far-Eastern style). Miss Cathleen Nesbitt and Mr. Max Adrian were a cut above the production, and looked as if they knew it; Miss Lois Maxwell also kept her head, and made some good quiet points while others were going bull-headed for laughs.

Now that Miss Beatrix Lehmann is dramatising for Mr. Clunes at the Arts, we may expect some serious plays with a sociological bias. Helge Krog's "ON THE WAY" is a good beginning. Scandinavia has a fine tradition of iconoclasm in its drama, and this particular play would have appeared outrageous in 1870 and interestingly provocative in 1910. To-day there is nothing very extraordinary in the idea of a girl who prefers motherhood to marriage, but there are good passages of argument in the play, and signs of an interest in character. There is also some good acting by a newcomer, Miss Yvonne Coulette, and by Mr. Derek Birch. "On the Way" runs in harness with an adaptation of Henry James' "Turn of the Screw"; others besides convinced Jamesians may be interested to see how this author, a persistent but never successful aspirant to independent honours as a playwright, will fare in this new guise, and with Miss Louise Hampton to lead the company.

"THE ASSASSIN" *(Lyric, Hammersmith). Booth: "Tell . . . tell them I did it for my country; I killed him so the South might still be free." L. to r.: Lieut.-Colonel Conger—Claude Bailey; Lieut. Baker—Patrick McNee; John Wilkes Booth—Peter Glenville; Lieut. Doherty—Victor Adams.*

STAGE.

"MUSTS":

"THE FIRST GENTLEMAN" (Savoy).
"UNDER THE COUNTER" (Phoenix).
"SWEETEST AND LOWEST" (Ambassadors).
"BIG BEN" (Adelphi).
THE OLD VIC THEATRE CO. (New).

WELL WORTH SEEING.

"HIGH TIME" (Palladium).
"LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN" (Haymarket).
"PERCHANCE TO DREAM" (Hippodrome).
"THE SHOP AT SLY CORNER" (St. Martin's).
"IS YOUR HONEYMOON REALLY NECESSARY?" (Duke of York's).
"FOLLOW THE GIRLS" (His Majesty's).
"WORM'S EYE VIEW" (Whitehall).
"THE GUINEA-PIG" (Criterion).
"SONG OF NORWAY" (Palace).
"FIFTY-FIFTY" (Strand).
"HERE COME THE BOYS" (Saville).
"NO ROOM AT THE INN" (Winter Garden).
"THE WINSLOW BOY" (Lyric).
"GRAND NATIONAL NIGHT" (Apollo).
"CRIME AND PUNISHMENT" (Globe).

CINEMA CAMEOS.

By C. A. LEJEUNE.

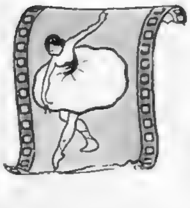
CLASSICAL music, as I once heard a cinema magnate remark to an archbishop, is "box-off." these days, and it was clearly inevitable that the film producers, having done their duty by the lives and works of most of the great composers, should turn their attention to the virtuosi. Nobody need be surprised that Gainsborough should have decided to make a film about the life of Paganini; nobody need be surprised that, in order to add box-off. to box-off., they should have cast their popular and decorative star, Stewart Granger, as the violinist. (After all, both gentlemen were tall and striking fellows, weren't they?) What is surprising is that "THE MAGIC BOW" (Odeon, Marble Arch) should have turned out to be such a *tepid* picture, considering the sort of life the real Paganini enjoyed.

It is clear that Gainsborough were determined that their film should be, at all costs, thoroughly healthy and acceptable entertainment for the *jeunes filles.* All that embarrassing affair with the singer Bianchi, for example—the liaison that resulted in an illegitimate son—has to be glossed over as a story of comradely dependence and devotion. Nothing was nearer to Bianchi's heart, it seems, than the unselfish desire to hand over her gentleman-friend to a lady-friend who would really inspire him; the lady for whose sake he pined and languished, and without whose love he couldn't play a note.

And so, in "The Magic Bow," we have the charming but slightly imbecile story of a young fiddler of Genoa, who falls in love with an aristocratic French lady called Jeanne (Phyllis Calvert). Jeanne returns his love, but alas! she may not marry him. The autocratic Emperor Napoleon Buonaparte has promised her hand to one of his generals, and there is nothing for Paganini to do but play his "Caprice" and let her go. For a time he tries to be an international celebrity, to take his mind off Jeanne, but it doesn't work. His playing falls off; he can't keep his mind on his music; his heart isn't in the job; and he seems on the point of reaching the status of second fiddle on the Marine Parade when Bianchi (Jean Kent), that good, conscientious girl, takes the whole matter in hand. She goes and has a heart-to-heart talk with Jeanne, and Jeanne, or somebody else, has a heart-to-heart talk with the Pope, and in the end his Holiness invites Paganini to a musical matinée at the Vatican, and more or less directly hands him over to Jeanne, who is waiting in the front row of Rome's most exclusive musical set with the wife-light in her eyes. Once more Paganini plays the "Caprice," but this time his mobile lips curve in a happy smile, and we feel that the quicker the Pope and we can get away from the audience, the sooner the lovers will go into a clinch, and the film be blessedly over.

"CARNIVAL" *(New Gallery). Says Jenny Pearl in the silent decorum of a Bond Street art gallery: "She's not a dancer; she's a contortionist!" and to the joy of her friend, Irene Dale, and the horror of onlookers, she lifts up her skirt and gives a high kick. Above: Jenny Pearl—Sally Gray; Irene Dale—Jean Kent.*

I have not the smallest doubt that "The Magic Bow," with Stewart Granger's good looks and its nice romance, will be a *succès fou* with the school-girl set. What its reception will be with the sterner music-lovers I should not care to say. Yehudi Menuhin, who was brought all the way from America to record the violin solos which Stewart Granger seems to play, has plainly devoted some fine work to the sound-track, and whenever we can hear him undisturbed, the film is a delight to the ear. Unhappily, that happens very rarely, since the producers seem to have the odd notion that a violin solo is better interspersed with frequent snatches of noise, action, laughter and talk.



Compton Mackenzie's old novel of the music-hall ballet, "CARNIVAL," has been brought out of its wrappings again to provide a tearful and, in my view, indifferent pastime for audiences at the New Gallery. Once more that poor wisp of Edwardian sentiment, Jenny Pearl, so unhappily fathered by a drunkard and mothered by a peevish prude who has seen better days, dances her way into the—shall we say?—hearts of the fleshly gentlemen in the front rows of the old Orient Music Hall; once more she spurns the advances of the artist who wants to do her wrong; once more she contracts, and regrets, a marriage of convenience with a possessive countryman; once more she dies, poor waif, from her husband's bullet in her lover's arms, while the seagulls set up their elegiac screaming.

"Carnival," I have no doubt, will be gulped down with general satisfaction. There are plenty of gentle-hearted people in this country who care very little whether a film be made well, so long as it provides them with a good cry; some pretty woe, conventional and painless enough to distract their minds from the trouble of their own anxious and nagging experiences. I envy these people their pleasure, but I cannot share it. To my taste, "Carnival" is just a rather clumsily-constructed, ill-written, badly-motivated film, put together in a slapdash manner with little feeling for shape.

The harlequinade with traditional trappings, appears in "Carnival." The Clown—Espinosa, "father of British ballet" (second from left).

While we are waiting for the new French films to arrive, we can spend a profitable evening at the Academy watching an excellent old one. The reason why Jacques Feyder's torrid film about life in the Foreign Legion, "LE GRAND JEU," has been withheld from us for something like a dozen years is not, perhaps, beyond *all* conjecture, but it is such a very good piece of work in its kind that the best thing to do now is to receive it belatedly, gratefully, without question and without recriminations.

Le Grand Jeu is an arrangement of the cards set out for a particular young legionnaire (Pierre Richard-Willm) by a second-rate sibyl in a nasty Morocco hotel. The fate she foretells for him is worked out stroke by stroke, with the final stroke, hinted by the death card, left to the imagination of the audience. As a background to this drama of irrevocable doom we are given a lurid sketch of the atmosphere of a cheap North African town—the heat, the flies, the lust, the tawdry gaiety, the callousness, the intolerable boredom. The film does not soften a single outline, or make any attempt to dim the harshness of the glare. As a genre piece it is superb, and as the sibyl, Mme. Rosay touches off one of the finest of all the portraits in her gallery. Her part is relatively small; it is practically without action; she scarcely moves further, on slow, shuffling feet, than from her bar to her card-table; but by the smallest movements, the lightest inflexions, which suggest the burning mind inside the worn-out body, she magnificently dominates the scene.

"LE GRAND JEU" *(Academy). Pierre of the Foreign Legion and Blanche hôtelier's wife make merry through the night before he rejoins the battalion to march out at dawn. Pierre—Pierre Richard-Willm; Blanche—Françoise Rosay.*

STAGE.—*(Continued.)*

"PICK-UP GIRL" (Casino).
"THE POLTERGEIST" (Vaudeville).
"SWEETHEART MINE" (Victoria Palace).
"CLUTTERBUCK" (Wyndham's).
"FOOLS RUSH IN" (Fortune).
"BUT FOR THE GRACE OF GOD" (St. James's).
"MESSAGE FOR MARGARET" (Duchess).
"THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH" (Piccadilly).
"THE SHEPHARD SHOW" (Princes).
"OUR BETTERS" (Playhouse).
"THE NIGHT AND THE LAUGHTER" (Coliseum).
"PICCADILLY HAYRIDE" (Prince of Wales).
"ICE REVUE" (Stoll).

CINEMA.

"NIGHT AND DAY" (Warner).
"BLUE SKIES" (Carlton).
"LA FEMME DU BOULANGER" (Curzon).
"CARNIVAL" (New Gallery).
"LE GRAND JEU" (Academy).
"A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH" (Empire).

While every endeavour is made to keep this list up to date, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any errors which may occur.

NOT SO METROPOLITAN.

By JOYCE DENNYS.

A FEW weeks ago Charles came home from his Surgery with a letter. He came into my bedroom, where I was imprisoned with my usual bout of Autumnal Influenza, and said, "Henrietta, how would you like to go and live in a big town with a Repertory Company, and a Symphony Orchestra, and a Public Library, and an Art School and various other Highbrow Nonsenses you always seem to hanker for?"

"Ha-ha," I said. "Funny joke."

"I don't believe it is a joke," said Lady B., who says she refuses to have her life ruled by germs and always visits me when I have Influenza, in spite of her Chest.

Charles looked at the letter in his hand. "Self-contained flat with central heating," he said, "and Restaurant on the ground floor."

"What!" I shouted, sitting up in bed.

"And a good job for me in the hospital."

"But Charles," I said, "you are a Country Doctor who goes hunting on Saturday, and your father before you and your grandfather before that." I was quite shocked to think of him turning himself into something quite different.

Charles sighed. "I know," he said; "but the days of being the sort of person you ought to be are over. I don't want to go on in General Practice under the new régime; it's going to be so damn dull. They'll shut the Cottage Hospital and as soon as people get interestingly ill they'll be whisked away to our Cathedral City and I shall just ride round on a bicycle throwing pills in at people's windows."

"Weak, post-influenzal tears."

"You'd hate to leave here," I said; "you'd *hate* it, Charles."

"Well, yes," said Charles, "but it's not a bad plan to go away while they still want you. 'Never outstay your welcome,' as my Mother used to say when she saw us off to children's parties. What I want to know is whether you could bear to leave this house, Henrietta, and the sea and everything."

"I couldn't bear to leave Lady B.," I said firmly.

"I was expecting some nonsense of that kind," said Lady B. "You ought to have more sense at your age, Henrietta."

"I don't care," I said, "I can't leave Lady B.," and I began weeping weak, post-influenzal tears.

Lady B. came and sat on the other side of my bed and took my hand in hers. "There, there," she said, "you Silly Little Thing."

"It's all right, Henrietta," said Charles. "I thought you wouldn't be able to make it."

"I wonder if you realise how selfishly you are behaving," said Lady B.

"I don't care!" I said.

"I suppose it hasn't dawned on you," she said gently, "that Lady B. will soon be leaving you."

"Shut up! Shut up! I will not listen to such talk!" I shouted, and I got under the bedclothes and put my fingers in my ears.

"Come out, Henrietta, and stop behaving like a naughty child," said Lady B. "I'm an old woman with a Heart and a Chest; I can't live much longer and I don't want to. A great many people I love are waiting for me on the Other Side as I shall be waiting for you and Charles. It's only a matter of time, and what is time, anyway? Nothing, according to Mr. Priestley. Now, blow your nose, Henrietta, and be sensible."

In the end it was decided that we should go. The house was sold and the awful thing was that the Whinebites bought it. They gave a good price for it and Lady B. and Charles said I adopted a very dog-in-the-mangerish attitude towards the whole thing and I'm afraid they were right, because I used to wake up in the night and groan aloud at the thought of Mrs. Whinebite and her artful and crafty off-whites in our lovely old house.

The day before we left we gave a farewell cocktail-party. Faith and the Conductor, and Mr. and Mrs. Whinebite, and Colonel Simpkins and Little Mrs. Simpkins, and the Admiral and Mrs. Admiral, and Mr. and Mrs. Savernack, and, of course, Lady B., all came. Mrs. Whinebite walked about measuring things as though the house belonged to her already, and Charles and I felt like bashing her on the head. Charles mixed some very strong cocktails and everybody became rather expansive and emotional.

Mrs. Savernack drew me into a corner. "I'm sorry you're going, Henrietta," she said, "I always enjoyed your Jokes."

I looked at her in amazement, wondering whether, at long last, she was making one herself. "You never laughed at them," I said.

"You didn't need any encouragement," said Mrs. Savernack with some of her old severity. "But I'm sorry, all the same. My husband is sorry, too—he's very fond of you."

"Considering the fuss he made when he had to kiss me in that play, you'd never have thought it."

"Ah," said Mrs. Savernack, "that was because he didn't dare Show His Feelings."

I drifted over to the corner where Charles was recklessly pouring gin into a jug. "I say, Charles, Mrs. Savernack says Mr. Savernack is very fond of me."

"'I always enjoyed your Jokes.'"

"It's the drink," said Charles. "The last one I gave them was a snodger. Do you know what Faith has just said to me?"

"Don't tell me," I said, "it might embitter my whole life."

"Oh, Henrietta," said Little Mrs. Simpkins sadly, "how can you be so selfish? Dragging poor Charles away when he is so happy here!"

"Of course, when we get the place Cleaned Up it will all look quite different," said Mrs. Whinebite.

"If you do this room up till you're black in the face you'll never get it to look as nice as it does now," said Lady B., with a venom foreign to her nature.

"Look out for a little flat for us," said the Admiral. "This place isn't what it was—too many rich people spoiling the market. We're being crowded out."

"Will somebody fetch Evensong," said the Conductor, "I'm going to make a speech." Evensong was brought, red-eyed, from the kitchen, and Mrs. Whinebite sidled over to her and began asking her out of the corner of her mouth to come and work for her. These overtures, I was delighted to see, were received with contumely. The Conductor stood on a chair, "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I'm not going to say much, because we're all rather upset as it is and Henrietta has been crying on and off all the evening, so I will only say good-bye to Charles and Henrietta and wish them good luck from us all."

"Good-bye, good-bye."

A loud sob broke from my lips and Charles, who looked rather white, said, "Thank you," and I said, "We shall come down for our holidays and be Summer Visitors and buy up all the corn-flakes with our B.Us."

Good-bye, good-bye.

Miss Joyce Dennys's "Henrietta" and her circle provided excellent entertainment for our readers throughout the war, and gained many friends all over the world. We regret to announce that this is their final appearance and that, with this article, Miss Dennys ends the series.

Ex-Sergeant-Major Hearn patrols the private grounds of Windsor Castle, for which, as the King's Lodge-keeper, he is responsible.

Still in his Royal Lodge-keeper's uniform, the wine-maker discusses the season's prospects with his daughter, Violet, in the garden outside the lodge.

ROYAL LODGE-KEEPER BREWS HIS OWN WINES.

A valuable hobby in these dry days is that of ex-Sergeant-Major Hearn. Formerly of the Grenadier Guards and the Welsh Guards, he is now Royal Lodge-keeper at Windsor, where his lovely gardens grow all sorts of plants useful in the production of his home-made wines. His annual output is about 80 gallons, and his sixty-eight varieties of delicious wines range from rose to dandelion, from strawberry to onion. But the nectar of them all is the rose-wine, though he says he can make a palatable brew out of anything. "The Brown Cow" outhouse is a "free house" in every sense, for there Sergeant-Major Hearn entertains his friends to a quick one, and they can sample any new varieties. Many famous people have done so; including the late General Patton, U.S. war leader. Sergeant-Major Hearn has at times had stocks of wine up to 600 gallons in "The Brown Cow."

A morning nip of rose-wine is sampled outside "The Brown Cow," his own private "local."

The rose-petals must be strained off before the wine-maker adds the sugar and yeast for fermentation.

ROYAL PICTURES, ROYALTY, ART AND HEROISM.

SIR KENNETH CLARK, MR. CHAUNCEY McCORMICK, MRS. McCORMICK *and* LORD INVERCHAPEL, *British Ambassador to the U.S.A. are having a learned discussion on Constable's "The Hay Wain" at the Loan Exhibition of works by Constable, Hogarth and Turner at the Chicago Art Institute.*

ELEONORE PUCCINI, *granddaughter of the composer, is a well-known dress designer and believes as firmly as her grandfather in the power of harmony and beauty. Here she is with one of her latest dress creations, a simple and graceful model.*

H.M. THE QUEEN *and* SIR ALFRED MUNNINGS, P.R.A. *The President of the Royal Academy went round the galleries with her Majesty when she, the King, the Princesses and other members of the Royal Family made a private visit to the Loan Exhibition of the King's Pictures. Reproductions of some of the pictures will be found on another page.*

ADMIRAL VISCOUNT MOUNTBATTEN OF BURMA *and* VISCOUNTESS MOUNTBATTEN. *The Admiral was introduced into the House of Lords on October 23. That evening he spoke at the Mansion House dinner in aid of the Commando Benevolent Fund.*

CAPTAIN PETER CHURCHILL, D.S.O., MRS. SANSOM, G.C., M.B.E., *and* SIR GRAHAM CUNNINGHAM, K.B.E., *were guests at the successful Eighteenth Birthday Anniversary Party at the Hungaria. Mrs. Sansom won her awards for great gallantry and devotion to duty when working with the Maquis in France during the occupation.*

STONOR FAMILY PARTY.

THE HON. MRS. SHERMAN STONOR AND HER CHILDREN make up this group, taken on the steps of Stonor Park, Henley-on-Thames. She is the wife of Major the Hon. Sherman Stonor, only son of Lord and Lady Camoys, and was Miss Jeanne Stourton. Her marriage took place in 1938 and she has five children—Thomas, Julia, Georgina, Harriet and baby Bobbie. The Stonors derive their name from the Manor of Stonor, stated to have been in their possession before the Conquest. Mrs. Stonor is a daughter of the late Captain H. M. J. Stourton, O.B.E., and she and her husband both belong to very old Roman Catholic families. The Stourtons are descended from Sir John Stourton, who was Treasurer of the Household in 1445, and served in the wars of France and Normandy. Sir Thomas de Camoys, ancestor of the present Lord Camoys, commanded the left wing of the English Army at Agincourt, 1415.

C

PHOTOGRAPH BY LENARE.

HOLLYWOOD'S SCREEN PREP. SCHOOL: WOULD-BE CHILD STARS TAKE THE FIRST STEPS TO FAME.

The first step to a screen career. The waiting- and registration-room of the Screen Children's Guild in Hollywood.

"Will I get there?" Donna Rogers gazes at some of the glorious company of old Guildlings—now child stars.

Donna Rogers nearly pulls her mother over in her anxiety to start at the preparatory school for child stars.

***N.B.** A Coloured plate is inserted in this issue.*

THE HOLLYWOOD SCREEN CHILDREN'S GUILD is Hollywood's Prep. School. Created ten years ago, it has some three thousand members. The annual fees are ten dollars, and include a casting picture of the child taken for the Guild's file. Members are classified in "types, talents and races," and the Guild sets out to try and find them parts on the screen or the radio or assignments for commercial photography. It has sponsored famous youngsters such as Shirley Temple, Jane Withers, Peggy Ann Garner, Margaret O'Brien, Lou McAllister, Joyce Reynolds, and Peggy Ryan. Parents write from all over the States for advice on how their children "can break into the movies," and on occasion endure great privations to provide them with wardrobes and special training, but often suffer disappointment. If a child gets a part, his or her education and physical welfare are safeguarded by State regulations. Donna Rogers is a typical Screen Guild child with talent or luck, or both. She went through the Screen Guild, and landed a part in the new RKO radio picture, "Sister Kenny." She has got her foot on the lowest rung.

First lesson in make-up: Donna Rogers, a typical Screen Guild child, has the finishing touches applied by an artist.

"Am I photogenique?" Donna goes through a critical experience—"takes" with still cameras in order to be graded as a possible child star.

Donna Rogers goggles at the movable sound microphone, a surprising-looking instrument on the set for a new RKO Radio picture.

"RAMSGATE SANDS"; by *William P. Frith, R.A., was exhibited in 1854, and was bought by Queen Victoria.*

FROM BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

"BLIND MAN'S BUFF"; by *Sir David Wilkie, R.A., was painted for the Prince Regent in 1813.*

FROM BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

THE KING'S PICTURES—R.A.s ON THE ENGLISH SCENE.

These two pictures from the Exhibition of the King's Pictures at the Royal Academy are interesting as genre paintings by R.A.s of English life in two periods—the Victorian and the Georgian. They are of a type which has always had tremendous popularity in England. William Powell Frith (1819-1909) was a favourite painter of Queen Victoria. Sir David Wilkie (1785-1841) succeeded Lawrence as painter-in-ordinary to King William IV. The Exhibition of the King's Pictures is of unique importance; consists of about 500 paintings in the Royal Collection, selected by gracious permission of his Majesty from all the Palaces in which the Royal Collection is permanently housed; includes many works never before seen by the public.

REPRODUCED BY GRACIOUS PERMISSION OF HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

GINGER-HEADED GREER FOR "THE NUTMEG-TREE."

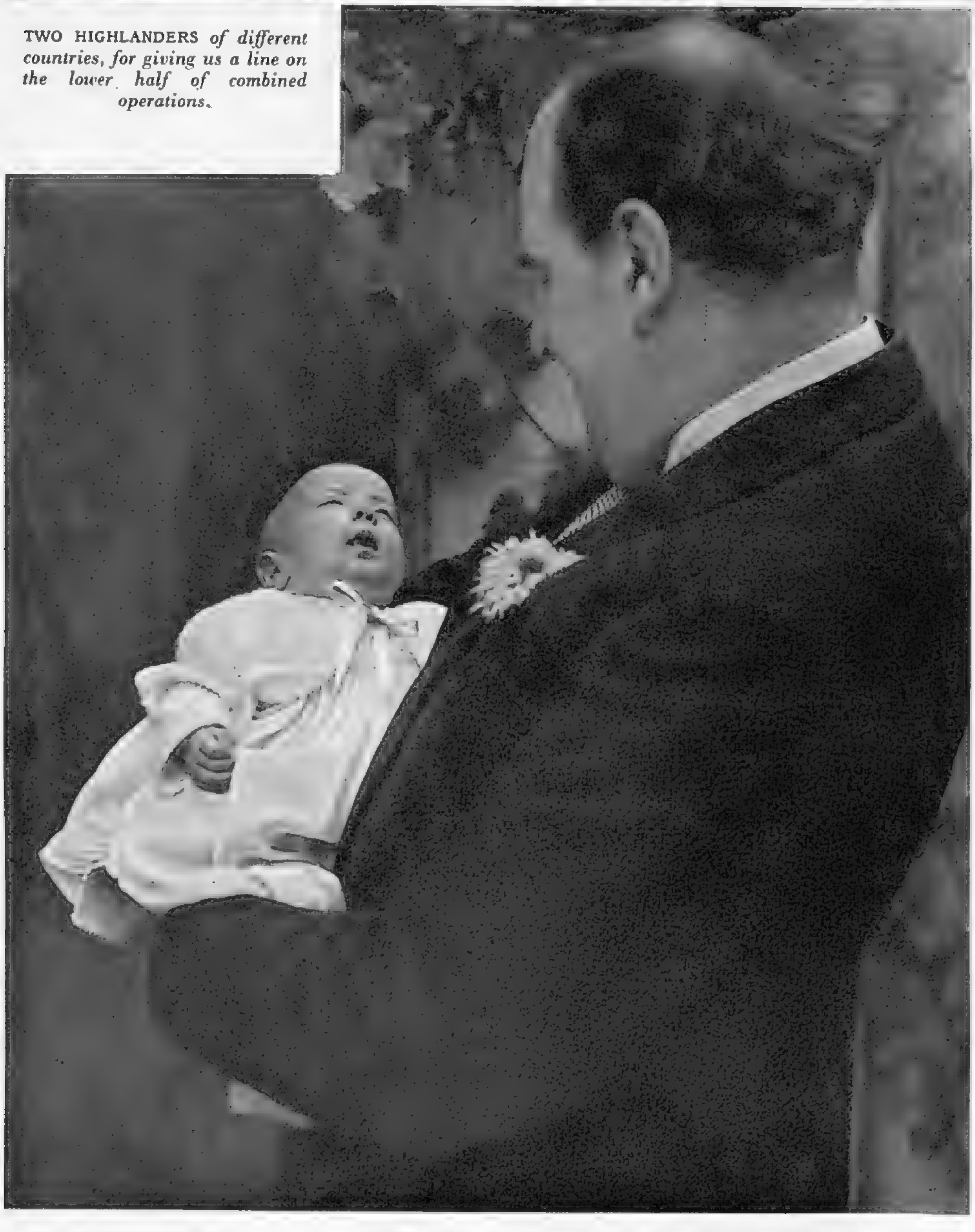
GREER GARSON, beautiful red-headed M.-G.-M. star, whose performance as Mrs. Miniver won her the Academy Award in 1942, has a long list of big-hits to her credit. Her new films are "A Woman of My Own," and "The Chimes of Bruges." She is also scheduled for "The Nutmeg-Tree." Miss Garson is Irish by birth, was educated at the London University and the University of Grenoble with the idea of teaching, but took her first job with an advertising firm, and then went on the stage, getting her first rôle with the Birmingham Repertory Company. Her initial film was "Mr. Chips."

COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPH BY KARSH, OF OTTAWA.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

TWO HIGHLANDERS *of different countries, for giving us a line on the lower half of combined operations.*

COMPOSER JOHN ANTILL *(left), for using a bull-roarer and boomerangs to make new, startling effects in his original Aboriginal ballet suite.*



ROBERT MORLEY, *for not being "The First Gentleman" to present a lady to the world.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY START WALTER.

GREEK met Scot in Athens on the occasion shown in our top-left photograph. Both are highlanders; the Greek an Evzone from the mountainous districts of Northern Greece, with the same trend of dress and fighting tradition as the Highlander, who, a private of the H.L.I., was one of four invited to Athens to compare Scottish dancing and pipe-playing with their own. The Scottish kilt as a military uniform dates back to 1725; spats and socks being added about 181 ; while the complete Evzone uniform was adopted in 1832. But both were normal Highland dress in their respective countries in the Middle Ages.

A BULL-ROARER, boomerangs and sticks struck together to make frog-croaking, cricket-chirping noises are among the new original instruments employed by John Antill, Australian composer, in his ballet suite "Corroboree" played last week at the Albert Hall by the London Symphony Orchestra, Eugene Goossens (in photograph; right) conducting. The music is composed round an Aboriginal feast; and strange effects were achieved by the use of a vibraphone, and the genuine and imitation slapstick produced by the double-basses who plucked strings with both hands. The bull-roarer—a yard of cord threaded through a hole in a drum-skin and rubbed with a resiny cloth, uttered a strange whining "whum-whum" sound. Australian music-lovers were so thrilled by his originality that they subscribed for Mr. Antill to fly over here to take his Albert Hall bow.

ROBERT MORLEY, creator of the part of "The First Gentleman" which is having a long and very successful run at the Savoy, is the delighted father of a new baby daughter, Annabel Evelyn, who was christened ten days ago. He married Joan Buckmaster, daughter of Gladys Cooper; and by an amusing coincidence their first child was born on the first night of "The Gentleman Who Stayed at Home."

AND WE APPLAUD

KAROLYN KAY GRIMES, for helping Bing Crosby to sing "Getting Nowhere" with a sparkle and vivacity which clearly shows the title doesn't apply to her.

Her one brief, sparkling appearance in "Blue Skies" (Carlton) seems to point out for Karolyn Kay Grimes a brilliant screen future. As Bing sings "Getting Nowhere," the song of a dog who chases his tail, this small actress accompanies him in the liveliest way with realistic dog-noises; barks; snuffling; growls. In fact her performance bubbles over with so much spontaneous gaiety that in little she is definitely one of the "hits" of the show.

The Rake is a beau at the start of his career.

After a bottle or two, the Rake begins an orgy.

HAROLD TURNER—FROM "THE RAKE'S PROGRESS" WITH

HAROLD TURNER, who is now on the teaching staff of the Sadler's Wells Ballet, built up his career as a classical and character dancer. He created the part of the Skater in "Les Patineurs," and was famous as an exponent of the difficult "Blue Bird" dances. These striking photographs show him in the name-part of "The Rake's Progress," originally created by Helpmann. He took over the part when Mr. Helpmann was ill and gave an entirely original rendering, in no way a copy of the creator's great performance. Sadler's Wells Ballet were due to open their season at Covent Garden on October 25 with "Coppelia," and "The Rake's Progress" is scheduled for

His wig cast away, the Rake gets the horrors.

Reason is unseated and the Rake flies from his own shadow.

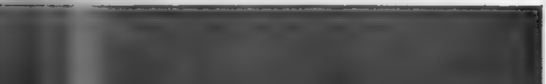
PHOTOGRAPHS B

The wild and drunken fury of the Rake's dance.

The Rake has lost at cards and begins to despair.

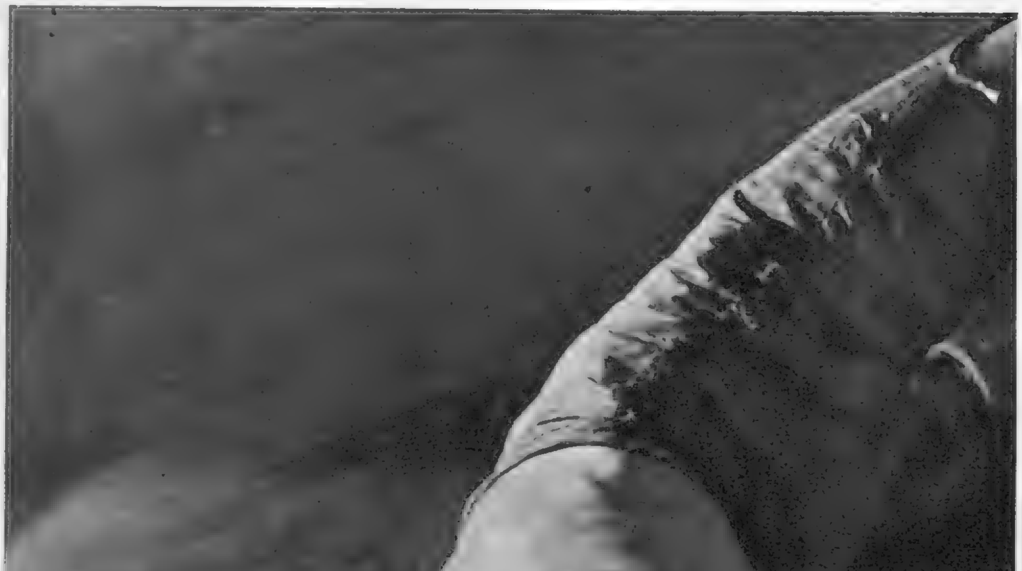
BEAU TO BEDLAM: HOGARTHIAN BRAVURA.

to-night, October 30. In future Helpmann and Turner will alternate in the title rôle. "The Rake's Progress" was one of the ballets given by the Sadler's Wells Company in Vienna recently, and roused much enthusiasm, both with the Viennese and among the Russians. The latter were specially impressed by the ballets, as they showed "a fruitful relation between British and Russian culture." Harold Turner studied with Nicolas Legat, and in Paris with Mme. Egorova and Mme. Kchessinska, so his art derives from the classical Russian technique of the old Imperial Ballet.



Mad and tortured, the Rake languishes in Bedlam.

ORDON ANTHONY.



The terrible end of the Rake—a bruised and naked corpse.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

"PILGRIMS AND PIONEERS" is well-named, for Sir Harry Brittain has been a pioneer in many enterprises, and never a more successful one than when he helped to found the Pilgrims' Club. That was in 1902. Later, the British Pilgrims, and another corresponding body, the Pilgrims of America, proved themselves a powerful instrument for union between the two countries. In 1907 the British Pilgrims entertained Mark Twain. Not all eminent men are on their best form for a special occasion, but he was, and the newspaper placard—

MARK TWAIN ARRIVES
ASCOT GOLD CUP STOLEN

—gave him an opportunity he was not slow to take. The joyous and festive sketches of the banquets of the Pilgrims' Club are among the most interesting of the many delightful illustrations in this book.

Sir Harry Brittain was born in the 'seventies, but the zest of youth is still fresh in his pages. He started his career as a public man very early, that is why so much of the past has come into his net. His main work has always had the aim of bringing people together, more especially the people of the English-speaking nations. It was in 1907, while he was the guest of Lord Strathcona in Winnipeg, that the idea came to him which bore fruit, two years later, in the first Imperial Press Conference. Since then there have been several of these conferences, the sixth and last of which took place in Paris in July of this year.

A Great Traveller. The Empire, then, has been Sir Harry Brittain's chief concern and Empire business has taken him all over the world. He has also been a great traveller on his own account. We see, or read of, him in Canada, South Africa, Australia and New Zealand; in India, Persia and Ceylon; in Venice, in Malta and on the Nile; and once, spreadeagled on a very nasty-looking rock, a position which—he assures us, with characteristic modesty—was not so dangerous as it looks to be. His face gives geniality and an informal touch to many groups of soldiers, statesmen and potentates. The same qualities are to be seen in his home in Cowley Street; and he writes of his family, who have meant and mean so much to him, with an intimacy and unself-consciousness that are very attractive. Besides being a pioneer of Anglo-American friendship and of imperial solidarity, he took, from the first, the keenest interest in the development of aviation. This may not have turned out to be quite the boon it seemed when Sir Harry met Wilbur Wright at Le Mans in 1908—on the occasion of the American aviator's first appearance in Europe with his aeroplane (this is the subject of a particularly fascinating photograph). But the fault is not Sir Harry's, or of men like him. Such influence as he could exert has been for good relations; whenever he can he says the kind and pleasant thing, and the result is a book which, besides being a valuable contribution to the history of the last half-century, leaves an afterglow of happiness, like a meal taken in the best of company.

ELIZABETH TAYLOR'S *second novel, "Palladian," has just been published by Peter Davies. Her first, "At Mrs. Lippincote's," received unanimous praise from the critics; had a great success. Miss Taylor lives at High Wycombe, Bucks.*

Salute to a New Novelist. What a pleasure it is to salute a new artist, and an artist of the quality of Miss Elizabeth Taylor! Not quite new, for "At Mrs. Lippincote's" was a first novel of the highest promise. But it might have been a flash in the pan, and is now proved not to be, for this second book, "Palladian," is as good, or better. Better, because better constructed. The earlier story was bounded, as many people's lives were in the war, by temporal circumstance, *i.e.*, by the period of a let. Of course there was more to it than that; the relationship between husband and wife had been deteriorating all the time they were Mrs. Lippincote's tenants; but that relationship was never very clearly made out. In "Palladian," too, the issues at first are far from plain, but they are the bones of the book and dictate its shape. The catastrophe that reveals them was an accident, but they were there all the time, although decently hidden, unlike the skeleton which Tom kept in his room, and made the subject of surrealist experiments in design.

Left an orphan by her father's death, Cassandra Dashwood takes a situation as governess with a decaying family living in a decayed Palladian house, and dominated by the memory of its mistress, who died in giving birth to Sophy, Cassandra's charge. The widower, Marion, a man of retiring nature and scholarly habits, still mourns his wife's loss, and is, as he observes, "reading himself to death." His cousin Tom, with less obvious reasons for throwing up the sponge, is hastening his end by drink, and solacing the process by a fairly public love-affair with Mrs. Veal, wife of the landlord of the local inn. Tom's mother, Aunt Tinty, keeps house for her nephew, but she is ineffectual and no one pays her much attention; Tom's sister, Margaret, a forthright, no-nonsense sort of woman, is far gone in pregnancy. The real ruler of the house is the old Nanny, a very unpleasant, almost poisonous, human being, who soon spots Marion Vanbrugh's tenderness for his new employee and is resolved to make it awkward for both of them.

Cassandra sees that the family is going to pieces; but, occupied with teaching Sophy, and in love with Marion, she cannot guess why. The fragments of the jig-saw are fitted together in her absence, after the tragedy, when she had left the house.

The Other Things. "Beauty is not all it is cracked up to be, or Truth. There are curious, moving, exciting and fantastic things as well." This reflection of Cassandra's might serve as a text for the book. Miss Taylor is very sensitive to beauty and there is scarcely a page without some manifestation of it; she has a great regard for truth and a wholesome respect for the difficulty of finding it, overlaid by deceptive appearances. But the "other things," which together give mystery and excitement to our daily lives, have a special fascination for Miss Taylor, not least perhaps (for the Brontës still exercise their spell on her) the influence that the dead have on the living. Her story is lit by flashes of lightning that show the extent of the darkness beyond.

Nanny is the most vital of the characters—Nanny "who had taken her standard from lives of idleness and plenty, and despised those who worked for their living, and could not pick up a duster now without a sense of being lowered in her own eyes." Margaret, too, is painfully distinct. The men are more shadowy; yet they come alive in that most difficult and dramatic scene between Tom and Marion. The wonder is that Miss Taylor's watchful sense of humour never seems out of place; it darts hither and thither like a will-o'-the-wisp in a graveyard. And what feats of compression she achieves, what marvels of foreshortening. Again and again we feel that she will leave herself with nothing more to say, or to suggest, since, on the whole, she prefers suggestion to statement. Yet she is never at a loss.

Like all novels written under the direction of an exacting and acute intelligence, "Palladian" is a building rather than a growth; but what a fascinating piece of architecture it is.

The Cult of Toughness. If my memory serves me, "Studs Lonigan" was one of the most unflattering pictures of the human race ever offered to the public. No doubt it was a protest against certain social conditions in America; but Mr. Farrell's just indignation against those conditions made him too sympathetic towards their horrid products—that is, if individuals can truly be said to be a product of social conditions. The idea of "toughness" which Studs, the corner-boy the hooligan, the hoodlum, so faithfully pursued had romantic attractions for many, even after the rise of Hitler had shown to what it leads.

But Mr. Farrell has now outgrown his obsession with tough guys, and though a few of them slink or swagger into the pages of "More Fellow-Countrymen," robbing, kicking and shooting each other, the majority of the stories are not at all in that vein. Indeed, they display a range of subject and treatment rare in any short-story writer, and the asperity of political views is subdued to a prevailing humanism, an almost universal sympathy from which only Jew-baiters are excluded. Some of the stories are mere episodes, e.g., the very amusing "Getting Out the Vote"; others are studies in that most difficult form of all, the novel in miniature. Of these, "Sorel," the story of a young Frenchman between the wars who modelled himself on Stendhal's romantic hero, is one of the best, and a very fair presentation, one would imagine, of the bewildering choice of ideas and loyalties that confronted a young man of the period.

Mr. Farrell has a special sympathy for youth, and youth's struggle for liberty and happiness. "Baby Mike," a tiresome little boy aged three, receives indulgent treatment; but so does Patsy Gilbride, an even more tiresome elderly man.

Not His Pigeon. Deputy Chief Constable Bobby Owen might have been excused a sensation of relief when the murder of Alfred Brown happened outside his area. Actually, however, he was much disappointed, and since the murder declined to come to Mahomet, Mahomet set about devising ways and means to go to the murder. It was fortunate that he was successful, for the evidence was tangled and obscure, and to say that "It Might Lead Anywhere" was to take an unwarrantably optimistic view, so great was the probability that it would in the end lead nowhere.

Mr. Punshon has not this time made the great Wychwood Forest his centre of mystery; the abnormal is represented by Duke Dell, the itinerant preacher who had seen the Vision, and whose mental condition was one of the many unknown factors with which Bobby had to contend. Other cases have made equal demands on his intellectual powers, but none has taxed him so much physically.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

Pilgrims and Pioneers. By Sir Harry Brittain. (*Hutchinson; 12s. 6d.*)
Palladian. By Elizabeth Taylor. (*Peter Davies; 8s. 6d.*)
More Fellow-Countrymen. By J. T. Farrell. (*Routledge; 8s. 6d.*)
It Might Lead Anywhere. By E. R. Punshon. (*Gollancz; 8s. 6d.*)

"A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH" BY ROYAL COMMAND.

On Saunton Sands, in Devon, David Niven, playing S/Ldr. Peter Carter, and Kim Hunter as his American W.A.C. girl June, line up for a "shot" to be taken.

The King and Queen and the Princesses have arranged to be present at the Royal Command performance of "A Matter of Life and Death" at the Empire on November 1. This British film is half Technicolor; half black and white; tells how a young Squadron Leader bales out from his bomber, crashes into the sea, finds himself on trial by a Court of the Other World which includes famous figures of the past, from Plato to Pitt, from Cæsar to Richelieu. But he resists the Other World; returns to life and his W.A.C. Roger Livesey plays the doctor.

The French Conductor and Peter consider who shall act as Peter's Counsel in the forthcoming trial in the Other World. Suddenly Peter realises that the stairs they sit on are moving up; accuses the Conductor of playing a trick on him.

In delirium after baling-out Peter Carter finds himself in the Other World, on trial. Never before has anyone been allowed to appeal against their call-up to the Other World. The Judge sits high up, left; the Jury below him.

Abraham Farlan—Raymond Massey addresses the High Court in the Other World; as an American he quotes historical differences of opinion between America and Britain as evidence against the Englishman.

S/Ldr. Peter Carter, washed ashore after baling-out of his damaged 'plane, finds himself amidst desolate sandhills; not sure whether he is alive or dead; his parachute was shot to pieces; he fell into the sea.

TALES WITH A STING

THE BLUE RAVINE.*

By ELISABETH KYLE.

IT is sometimes easier to drop from a parachute into a country than get out of it again. Of course (Alan Carter told himself as he turned out of the barracks and entered the town), one could always make oneself known to the proper authorities in Belgrade and get a visa for home. He did not tell himself the real reason why he remained among the comrades-at-arms with whom he had waged guerilla warfare up in those Bosnian hills until the war at last ran, creakingly, to its end. The real reason was that he had no home.

Young Lieutenant Hassanovitch walked along with him. This was his native town, and he rejoiced at the piece of luck that had posted the regiment here. In the old days, when Bosnia had been a province of Turkey, sufficient Turks had settled here to account for Hassanovitch's features and colouring. They were free for the evening, and he proposed to take his English companion for a walk outside the town as far as the Blue Ravine, there to drink coffee at the little *kafana* perched on the edge of it.

It was evening, the hour of the Corso, that lounging Austrian habit superimposed upon Turkish customs during the old Empire's brief rule over the province before the World War. The cafés lining the streets were already full. The Orthodox priest, looking up from his game of draughts, nodded to the two young men as they passed by, and the Jesuit confessor from the Seminary crossed their path and wished them good evening, just as the sky was turning apricot and the voice of a Hodja from the tallest minaret of the mosque proclaimed that Allah is great . . .

What a hodge-podge, Carter thought to himself. Mohammedanism, old Austrian Catholicism, and now this new Pan-Slavism all meeting together in this fold of the Bosnian hills! They were leaving it behind them already, and his companion quickened his steps. "It 's no use getting there after the light fails," he said, and then, changing the subject abruptly, "You said you were at college when the war came. What were you doing there?"

"Studying history."

"History!" Hassanovitch spat his opinion of it on to the road. "History 's dead and buried. The present is the only thing that counts."

Carter said nothing. History indeed seemed dead and buried. With the whole of civilisation ruined, there seemed no continuity left.

The path now ran level between two folds in the hills. A stream, cold and sparkling clear, swept down on their right from some spring above. Hassanovitch greeted it with a shout. "I fished in it when I was a boy. The trout I used to take out of there! It falls into the Blue Ravine farther on. Hurry, before the light fails!"

The path dropped again into a little pocket shrouded by a pin-cushion of young pines. Hassanovitch left it and ran between the pines, Carter following. At their feet, where the river gushed in, a deep pool of water had formed. And the water, despite the now-greyish tinge of the sky above, was deep indigo blue.

The light was now failing rapidly, up here in the hills. It was a windless evening and nothing stirred, so that, in the silence, the snap of a twig sounded like a pistol-shot, and both men, accustomed for months to watch against ambush, tensed suddenly at a movement among the undergrowth on the opposite side of the ravine. They relaxed again, laughing shamefacedly. It was nothing but an old woman who shuffled into sight—an incredibly old woman, bent under her burden of sticks. Hassanovitch stared, then waved to her. "Ahoy, Anica!" he shouted.

The old woman never even glanced in their direction but continued sideways like a crab, grovelling for more sticks from under the pines. "To think she 's still alive!" Hassanovitch said. "And I 'd forgotten too, she 's as deaf as a post."

"Who is she?"

"Oh, just an old woman from the *kafana* up there. People say she was the daughter of a former owner, so the present one lets her stay on out of pity."

They walked round the edge of the ravine until they found the path at the other side. Here, on a small hillock above, was perched the *kafana* they were seeking.

A few men were seated inside it already, almost all of them Serbs wearing the fez to which their forefathers had got accustomed under Turkish rule. The colonel of the regiment sat on a bench with his back to the wall, facing his wife, who had come from Serajevo to join him. She was a weatherbeaten woman, who had gone through much during the war.

Carter and Hassanovitch saluted her respectfully and sat down. The owner of the *kafana*, a tall, dignified old Turk, came from an inner room and placed a small copper tray before them. The colonel's wife took a sip of coffee, wrinkled her nose, and said loudly: "Once I smell real coffee again it will affect my heart. I shall die."

"A pleasant death," said her husband evenly.

A shepherd from up the hills rose, wrapped his sheepskin round him, and went out. The door, momentarily opened, showed a glimpse of blue dusk and the first tip of the moon appearing high above the pine-trees outside. "At least we shall have a moon to light us home," the colonel's wife went on in her high, grating voice. "One can see better when there 's——"

She broke off abruptly. From a dim corner of the room came the sudden whirr of machinery, a tiny click, and the notes of a cuckoo echoing through the room. Carter became aware that Hassanovitch expected it, was watching for it, and, like a schoolboy, was hoping it might startle the Englishman. The colonel's wife crossed over to the opposite wall.

"It 's a cuckoo clock," she said. "I 've seen such things in Styria before the war. How did it get here?"

And, indeed, anything more incongruous could hardly be imagined. The proprietor had lit an oil lamp and hung it from a chain in the middle of the room. By its light they could see more distinctly the carved oak leaves, the pine-cone weights, all the gentle fantasy of a tradition alien to the bare landscape outside. The peasants round the room nudged each other, pleased for the hundredth time by this recurring phenomenon. The proprietor surveyed it with a look of dignified pride.

"Why, it 's a queer tale," answered the colonel, "and as women are all romantic, I don't mind telling it to you. At least, this is the way I heard it down in the bazaar.

"It seems that long ago, before the last war even, the proprietor here was a Turk, too, and he had one pretty daughter. Just to make you jealous, I must tell you some of these Turkish women are infernally pretty."

"*Na*, they 're all bandy-legged as well. That 's why they have to wear trousers," said his wife.

"Well, bandy-legged or not, this one captured the attention of a German prince—an archduke, he was—who was then stationed with his regiment at Travnik. Every night nearly, he was up here making love to the girl. Her father tried locking her up, but what good did that do? She merely escaped through the window and went down to meet him by the Blue Ravine. Of course, the archduke was only amusing himself, and as he was a relation of the Emperor, he had his own way."

"Austrians are fickle," said the colonel's wife with an assumption of elegant sophistication. "I don't suppose it lasted long."

"Only till the regiment was posted elsewhere. But the archduke was a soft-hearted fellow. He promised the girl that he 'd send her a present from Austria when he got back there. And what did he send but that clock."

"You would have thought that her father would have smashed it." She glanced at the clock as she spoke.

"I dare say he would if it hadn't attracted trade. Such things are rarities here, and the people of Travnik began to walk out this way to drink their coffee of an evening and to hear the clock. *Yoy*, the old Turk died a rich man, they say, so the present wasn't such a stupid one after all."

"What happened to the girl?"

"God knows." The colonel laid some money on the table and got to his feet. "Come, let us be going back."

Carter and Hassanovitch left at the same time. Going through the door, Hassanovitch said: "Pardon me, Colonel, but I can tell your wife what happened to the girl. In spite of her father's riches, no one would marry her, of course. Mohammedans are strict that way. Her father left her no money, either, for she had disgraced him as well as bringing him wealth. She stayed on with the next proprietor, and the next, too, earning her keep by dish-washing and gathering sticks for the stove."

"Ah, of course, you come from these parts, don't you? Pray join us on the road home."

In spite of the roughness of the path, it was easy to see the way. The moon had risen and shone down with a brilliant light, mirroring herself at the bottom of the ravine. As they skirted it, the old stick-gatherer scrambled out of the bushes, making way for them to pass. Her hooked nose curved grotesquely over a toothless gash of a mouth, but her eyes were coal-black and still lustrous.

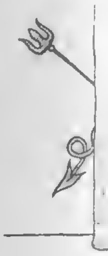
"Good-night, Anica!" Hassanovitch said to her, and she was deaf and made no reply.

The night was so still it seemed cut out of black and silver. From far off, down the valley, came the faint echo of the bugle blown from the barracks. To their astonishment, the old woman turned her head sharply, listening.

"Queer that she 's managed to hear that," the colonel commented.

"It 's not a Jugoslav note she hears," Hassanovitch said, "it 's an Austrian one, and it blows from the past. Permit me, Colonel, to tell you something further about that girl. Her name was Anica."

"I thought you said history was dead?" Carter remarked quietly. But none of the others knew what he meant.



THE END.

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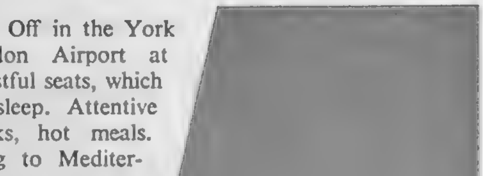

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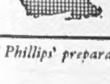

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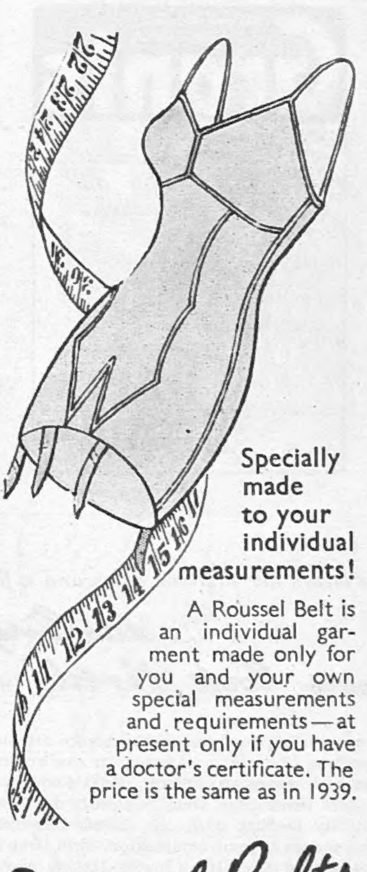

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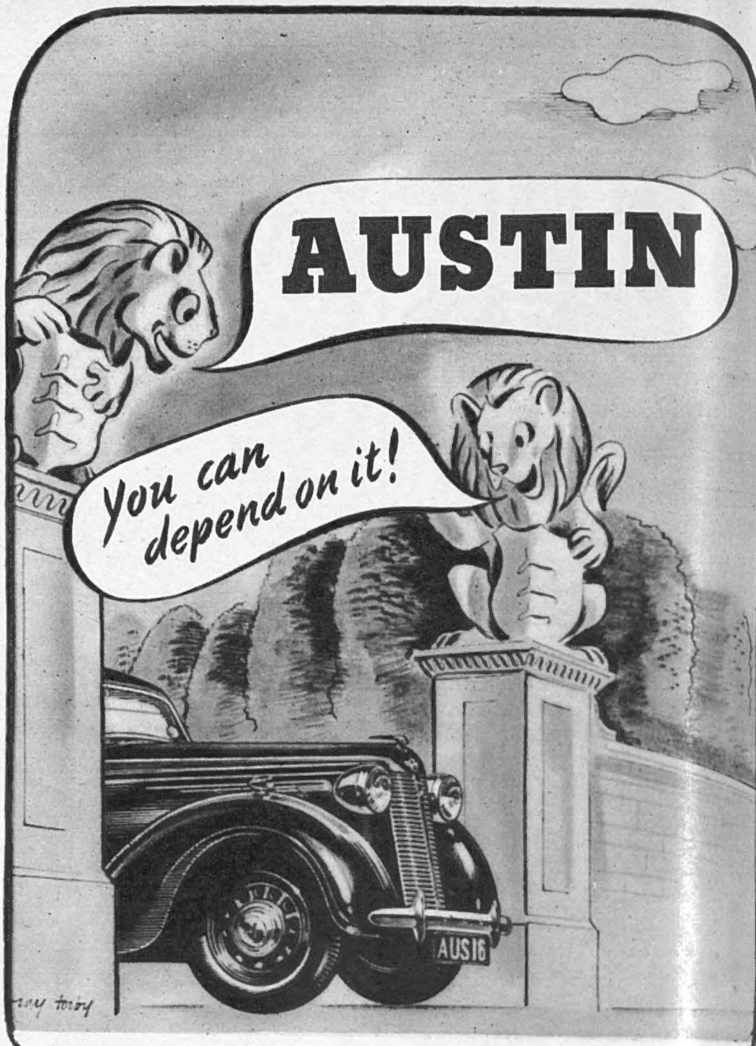

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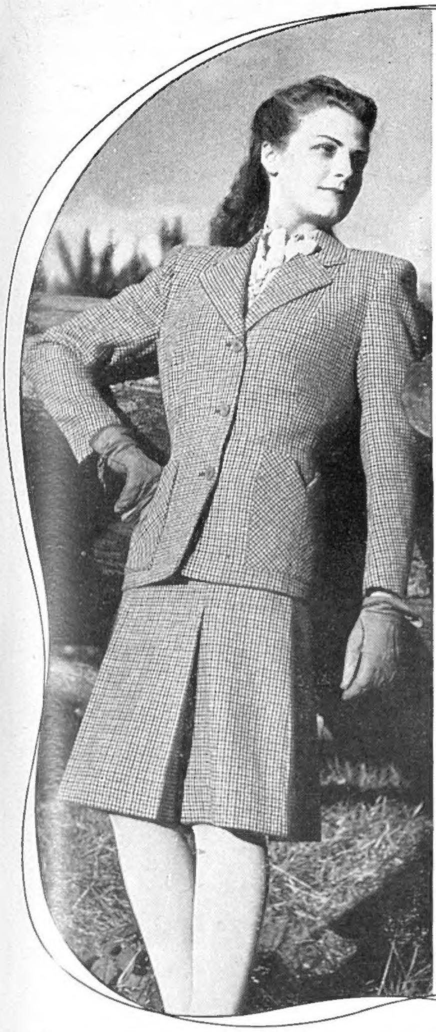

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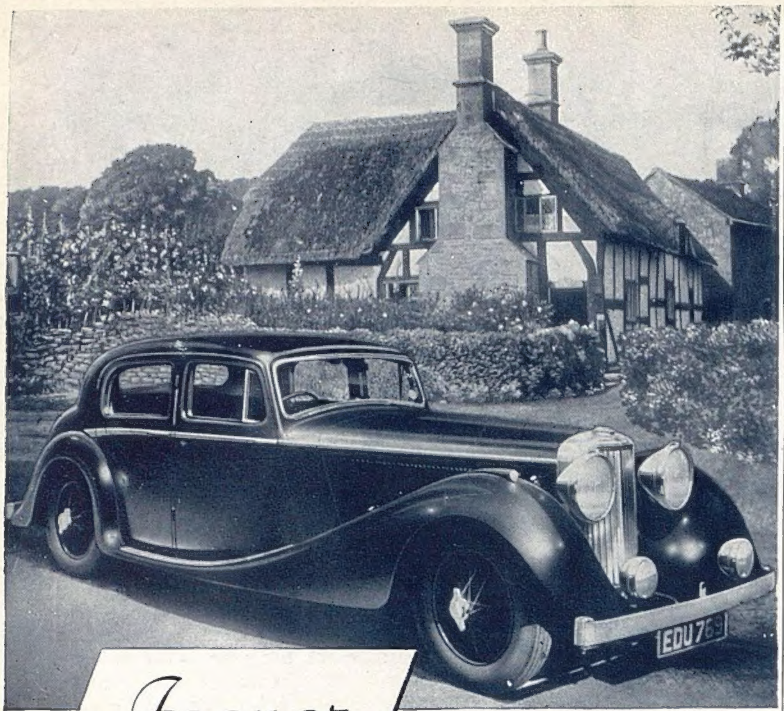

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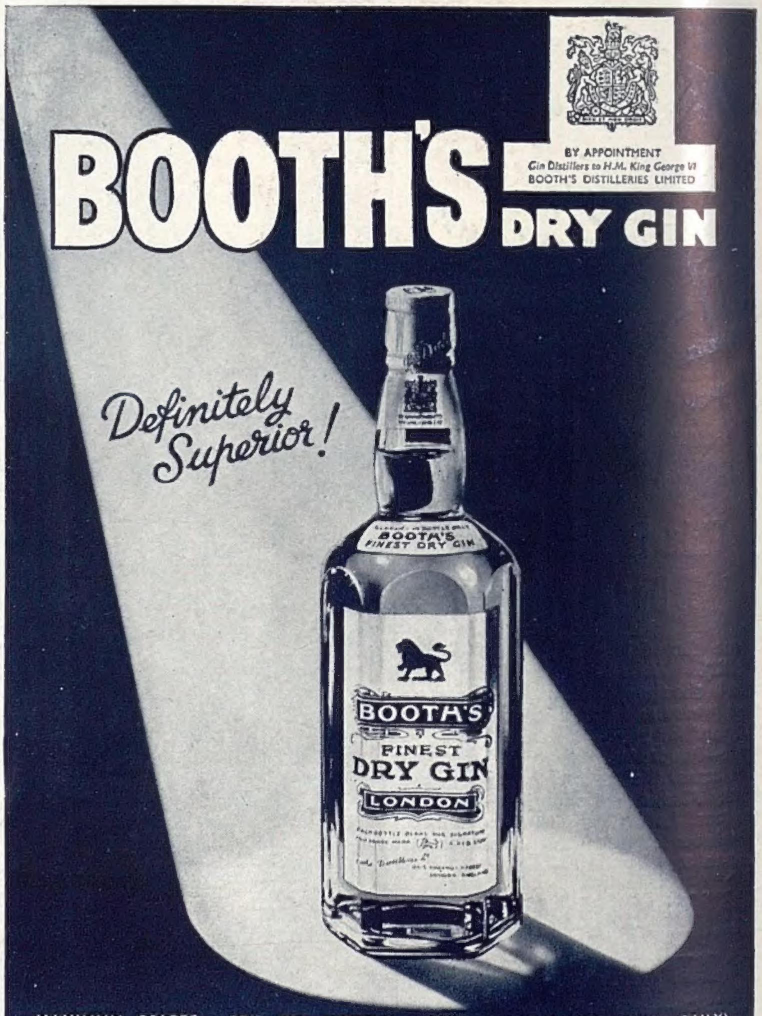

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